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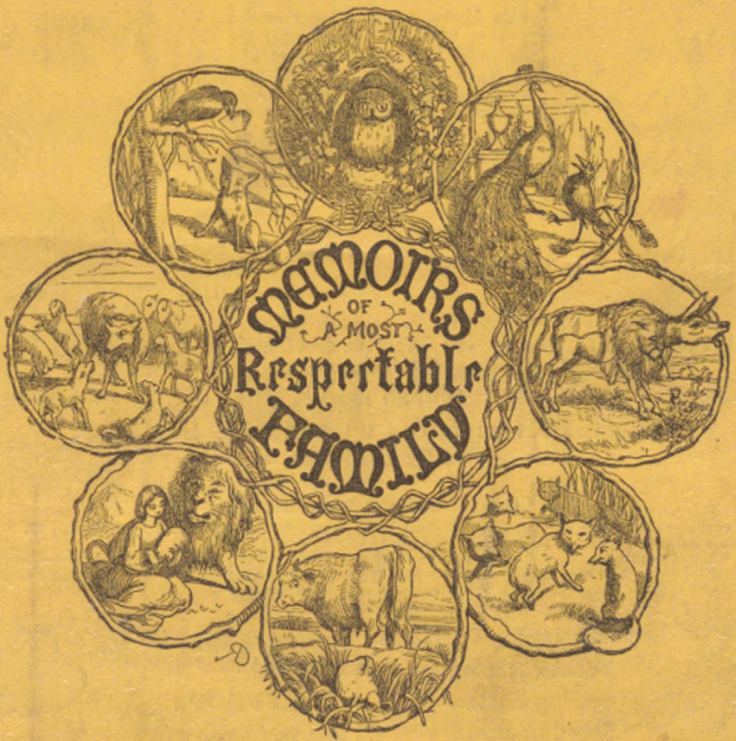

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	£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
7	1000	153 8 4	85 15 1	1085 15 1	55
5	1000	109 11 8	63 2 7	1063 2 7	57
3	1000	65 15 0	39 0 1	1039 0 1	59
1	1000	21 18 4	13 7 8	1013 7 8	61

AGE WHEN ASSURED, 60.

No. of Yearly Prems. paid.	Original Sum Assured.	Amount of Premiums paid.	Reversionary Bonus.	Sum now Assured.	Per centage of Reversionary Bonus on the amount of Premiums paid.
	£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
7	1000	494 7 6	157 4 5	1157 4 5	31
5	1000	353 2 6	115 10 6	1115 10 6	32
3	1000	211 17 6	71 7 10	1071 7 10	33
1	1000	70 12 6	24 10 8	1024 10 8	34

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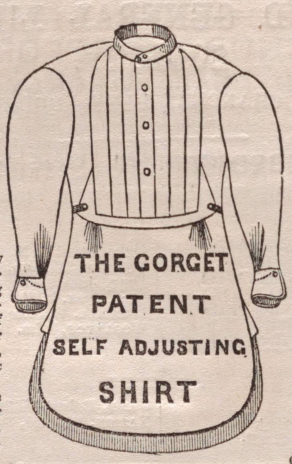

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CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THOMAS NEWCOME SINGS HIS LAST SONG.

THE earliest comers were the first mate and the medical officer of the ship in which the two gentlemen had come to England. The mate was a Scotchman: the doctor was a Scotchman; of the gentlemen from the Oriental Club, three were Scotchmen.

The Southerons, with one exception, were the last to arrive, and for awhile we stood looking out of the windows awaiting their coming. The first mate pulled out a penknife and arranged his nails. The Doctor and Mr. Binnie talked of the progress of medicine. Binnie had walked the hospitals of Edinburgh before getting his civil appointment to India. The three gentlemen from Hanover Square and the Colonel had plenty to say about Tom Smith of the Cavalry, and Harry Hall of the Engineers: how Topham was going to marry poor little Bob Wallis's widow; how many lakhs Barber had brought home, and the like. The tall grey-headed Englishman, who had been in the east too, in the king's service, joined for awhile in this conversation, but presently left it, and came and talked with Clive; "I knew your father in India," said the gentleman to the lad; there is not a more gallant or respected officer in that service. I have a boy too, a step-son, who has just gone into the army; he is older than you, he was born at the end of the Waterloo year, and so was a great friend of his and mine, who was at your school, Sir Rawdon Crawley."

"He was in Gown Boys, I know," says the boy; "succeeded his uncle Pitt, fourth Baronet. I don't know how his mother—her who wrote the Hymns, you know, and goes to Mr. Honeyman's chapel—comes to be Rebecca, Lady Crawley. His father, Colonel Rawdon Crawley, died at Coventry Island, in August, 182—, and his uncle,

Sir Pitt, not till September here. I remember, we used to talk about it at Grey Friars, when I was quite a little chap; and there were bets whether Crawley, I mean the young one, was a Baronet or not."

"When I sailed to Rigy Cornel," the first mate was speaking—nor can any spelling nor combination of letters of which I am master, reproduce this gentleman's accent when he was talking his best—"I racklackt they used always to sairve us a drem before denner. And as your frinds are kipping the denner, and as I've no watch to-night, I'll jist do as we used to do at Rigy. James, my fine fellow, jist look alive and breng me a small glass of brandy, will ye? Did ye iver try a brandy cock-tail, Cornel? Whin I sailed on the New York line, we used jest to make bits before denner: and—thank ye, James:" and he tossed off a glass of brandy.

Here a waiter announces, in a loud voice, "Sir Thomas de Boots," and the General enters, scowling round the room according to his fashion, very red in the face, very tight in the girth, splendidly attired with a choking white neckcloth, a voluminous waistcoat, and his orders on.

"Stars and garters, by jingo!" cries Mr. Frederic Bayham; "I say, Pendennis, have you any idea, is the Duke coming? I wouldn't have come in these Bluchers if I had known it. Confound it, no—Hoby himself, my own bootmaker, wouldn't have allowed poor F. B. to appear in Bluchers, if he had known that I was going to meet the Duke. My linen's all right, any how;" and F. B. breathed a thankful prayer for that. Indeed who, but the very curious, could tell that not F. B.'s but C. H.'s—Charles Honeyman's—was the mark upon that decorous linen?

Colonel Newcome introduced Sir Thomas to every one in the room, as he had introduced us all to each other previously, and as Sir Thomas looked at one after another, his face was kind enough to

assume an expression which seemed to ask, "And who the devil are you, Sir?" as clearly as though the General himself had given utterance to the words. With the gentleman in the window talking to Clive he seemed to have some acquaintance and said not unkindly, "How d' you do, Dobbin."

The carriage of Sir Brian Newcome now drove up, from which the Baronet descended in state, leaning upon the arm of the Apollo in plush and powder, who closed the shutters of the great coach, and mounted by the side of the coachman, laced and periwigged. The Bench of Bishops has given up its wigs; cannot the box, too, be made to resign that insane decoration? Is it necessary for our comfort, that the men who do our work in stable or household should be dressed like Merry-Andrews? Enter Sir Brian Newcome, smiling blandly: he greets his brother affectionately, Sir Thomas gaily; he nods and smiles to Clive, and graciously permits Mr. Pendennis to take hold of two fingers of his extended right hand. That gentleman is charmed, of course, with the condescension. What man could be otherwise than happy to be allowed a momentary embrace of two such precious fingers? When a gentleman so favours me, I always ask, mentally, why he has taken the trouble at all, and regret that I have not had the presence of mind to poke one finger against his two. If I were worth ten thousand a year, I cannot help inwardly reflecting, and kept a large account in Threadneedle Street, I cannot help thinking he would have favoured me with the whole palm.

The arrival of these two grandees has somehow cast a solemnity over the company. The weather is talked about: brilliant in itself, it does not occasion very brilliant remarks among Colonel Newcome's guests. Sir Brian really thinks it must be as hot as it is in India. Sir Thomas de Boots, swelling in his white waistcoat, in the armholes of which his thumbs are engaged, smiles scornfully, and wishes Sir Brian had ever felt a good sweltering day in the hot winds in India. Sir Brian withdraws the untenable proposition that London is as hot as Calcutta. Mr. Binnie looks at his watch, and at the Colonel. "We have only your nephew Tom to wait for," he says; "I think we may make so bold as to order the dinner,"—a proposal heartily seconded by Mr. Frederick Bayham.

The dinner appears steaming, borne by steaming waiters. The grandees take their places, one on each side of the Colonel. He begs Mr. Honeyman to say grace, and stands reverentially during that brief ceremony, while De Boots looks queerly at him from over his napkin. All the young men take their places at the further end of the table, round about Mr. Binnie; and at the end of the second course Mr. Barnes Newcome makes his appearance.

Mr. Barnes does not show the slightest degree of disturbance, although he disturbs all the company. Soup and fish are brought for him, and meat, which he leisurely eats, while twelve other gentlemen are kept waiting. We mark Mr. Binnie's twinkling eyes, as they

watch the young man. "Eh," he seems to say, "but that's just about as free and easy a young chap as ever I set eyes on." And so Mr. Barnes *was* a cool young chap. That dish is so good, he must really have some more. He discusses the second supply leisurely; and turning round simpering to his neighbour, says, "I really hope I'm not keeping everybody waiting."

"Hem!" grunts the neighbour, Mr. Bayham; "it doesn't much matter, for we had all pretty well done dinner." Barnes takes a note of Mr. Bayham's dress—his long frock-coat, the ribbon round his neck; and surveys him with an admirable impudence. "Who are these people," thinks he, "my uncle has got together?" He bows graciously to the honest Colonel, who asks him to take wine. He is so insufferably affable, that every man near him would like to give him a beating.

All the time of the dinner the host was challenging everybody to drink wine, in his honest old-fashioned way, and Mr. Binnie seconding the chief entertainer. Such was the way in England and Scotland when they were young men. And when Binnie, asking Sir Brian, receives for reply from the Baronet—"Thank you. No, my dear Sir. I have exceeded already, positively exceeded," the poor discomfited gentleman hardly knows whither to apply; but, luckily, Tom Norris, the first mate, comes to his rescue, and cries out, "Mr. Binnie, *I've* not had enough, and I'll drink a glass of anything ye like with ye." The fact is, that Mr. Norris *has* had enough. He has drunk bumpers to the health of every member of the company; his glass has been filled scores of times by watchful waiters. So has Mr. Bayham absorbed great quantities of drink; but without any visible effect on that veteran toper. So has young Clive taken more than is good for him. His cheeks are flushed and burning; he is chattering and laughing loudly at his end of the table. Mr. Warrington eyes the lad with some curiosity; and then regards Mr. Barnes with a look of scorn, which does not scorch that affable young person.

I am obliged to confess that the mate of the Indiaman at an early period of the dessert, and when nobody had asked him for any such public expression of his opinion, insisted on rising and proposing the health of Colonel Newcome, whose virtues he lauded outrageously, and whom he pronounced to be one of the best of mortal men. Sir Brian looked very much alarmed at the commencement of this speech, which the mate delivered with immense shrieks and gesticulation: but the Baronet recovered during the course of the rambling oration, and at its conclusion gracefully tapped the table with one of those patronising fingers; and lifting up a glass containing at least a thimble-full of claret, said, "My dear brother, I drink your health with all my heart, I'm su-ah." The youthful Barnes had uttered many "Hear, hears!" during the discourse with an irony, which, with every fresh glass of wine he drank, he cared less to conceal. And though Barnes had come late he had drunk largely, making up for lost time.

Those ironical cheers, and all his cousin's behaviour during dinner had struck young Clive, who was growing very angry. He growled out remarks uncomplimentary to Barnes. His eyes, as he looked towards his kinsman, flashed out challenges, of which we who were watching him could see the warlike purport. Warrington looked at Bayham and Pendennis with glances of apprehension. We saw that danger was brooding, unless the one young man could be restrained from his impertinence, and the other from his wine.

Colonel Newcome said a very few words in reply to his honest friend the chief mate: and there the matter might have ended: but I am sorry to say Mr. Binnie now thought it necessary to rise and deliver himself of some remarks regarding the King's service, coupled with the name of Major General Sir Thomas de Boots, K.C.B., &c.—the receipt of which that gallant officer was obliged to acknowledge in a confusion amounting almost to apoplexy. The glasses went whack whack upon the hospitable board; the evening set in for public speaking. Encouraged by his last effort, Mr. Binnie now proposed Sir Brian Newcome's health; and that Baronet rose and uttered an exceedingly lengthy speech, delivered with his wine glass on his bosom.

Then that sad rogue Bayham must get up, and call earnestly and respectfully for silence and the chairman's hearty sympathy, for the few observations which he had to propose. "Our armies had been drunk with proper enthusiasm—such men as he beheld around him deserved the applause of all honest hearts, and merited the cheers with which their names had been received. (Hear, hear! from Barnes Newcome sarcastically. Hear, hear, HEAR! fiercely, from Clive.) But whilst we applauded our army, should we forget a profession still more exalted? Yes, still more exalted, I say in the face of the gallant General opposite, and that profession, I need not say, is the Church. (Applause.) Gentlemen, we have among us one who, while partaking largely of the dainties on this festive board, drinking freely of the sparkling wine-cup which our gallant hospitality administers to us, sanctifies by his presence the feast of which he partakes, inaugurates with appropriate benedictions, and graces it, I may say, both before and after meat. Gentleman, Charles Honeyman was the friend of my childhood, his father the instructor of my early days. If Frederick Bayham's latter life has been chequered by misfortune, it may be that I have forgotten the precepts which the venerable parent of Charles Honeyman poured into an inattentive ear. He too, as a child, was not exempt from faults; as a young man, I am told, not quite free from youthful indiscretions. But in this present Anno Domini, we hail Charles Honeyman as a precept and an example, as a *decus fidei* and a *lumen ecclesiæ* (as I told him in the confidence of the private circle this morning, and ere I ever thought to publish my opinion in this distinguished company). Colonel Newcome and Mr. Binnie! I drink to the health of the Reverend Charles Honeyman, A.M. May we listen to many more of his sermons, as well as to

that admirable discourse with which I am sure he is about to electrify us now. May we profit by his eloquence; and cherish in our memories the truths which come mended from his tongue!" He ceased; poor Honeyman had to rise on his legs, and gasp out a few incoherent remarks in reply. Without a book before him, the Incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's Chapel was no prophet, and the truth is he made poor work of his oration.

At the end of it, he, Sir Brian, Colonel Dobbin, and one of the Indian gentlemen quitted the room, in spite of the loud outcries of our generous host, who insisted that the party should not break up. "Close up, gentlemen," called out honest Newcome, "we are not going to part just yet. Let me fill your glass, General. You used to have no objection to a glass of wine." And he poured out a bumper for his friend, which the old campaigner sucked in with fitting gusto. "Who will give us a song? Binnie, give us the Laird of Cockpen. It's capital, my dear General. Capital," the Colonel whispered to his neighbour.

Mr. Binnie struck up the Laird of Cockpen, without, I am bound to say, the least reluctance. He bobbed to one man, and he winked to another, and he tossed his glass, and gave all the points of his song in a manner which did credit to his simplicity and his humour. You haughty southerners little know how a jolly Scotch gentleman can *desipere in loco*, and how he chirrups over his honest cups. I do not say whether it was with the song or with Mr. Binnie that we were most amused. It was a good commonty, as Christopher Sly says; nor were we sorry when it was done.

Him the first mate succeeded; after which came a song from the redoubted F. Bayham, which he sang with a bass voice which Lablache might envy, and of which the chorus was frantically sung by the whole company. The cry was then for the Colonel; on which Barnes Newcome, who had been drinking much, started up with something like an oath, crying, "O, I can't stand this."

"Then leave it, confound you!" said young Clive, with fury in his face. "If our company is not good for you, why do you come into it?"

"Whas that?" asks Barnes, who was evidently affected by wine. Bayham roared, "Silence!" and Barnes Newcome, looking round with a tipsy toss of the head, finally sate down.

The Colonel sang, as we have said, with a very high voice, using freely the falsetto, after the manner of the tenor-singers of his day. He chose one of his maritime songs, and got through the first verse very well, Barnes wagging his head at the chorus, with a "Bravo!" so offensive that Fred Bayham, his neighbour, gripped the young man's arm, and told him to hold his confounded tongue.

The Colonel began his second verse: and here, as will often happen to amateur singers, his falsetto broke down. He was not in the least annoyed, for I saw him smile very good-naturedly; and he was going

to try the verse again, when that unlucky Barnes first gave a sort of crowing imitation of the song, and then burst into a yell of laughter.

Clive dashed a glass of wine in his face at the next minute, glass and all; and no one who had watched the young man's behaviour was sorry for the insult.

I never saw a kind face express more terror than Colonel Newcome's. He started back as if he had himself received the blow from his son. "Gracious God!" he cried out. "My boy insult a gentleman at my table!"

"I'd like to do it again," says Clive, whose whole body was trembling with anger.

"Are you drunk, Sir?" shouted his father.

"The boy served the young fellow right, Sir," growled Fred Bayham in his deepest voice. "Come along, young man. Stand up straight, and keep a civil tongue in your head next time, mind you, when you dine with gentlemen. It's easy to see," says Fred, looking round with a knowing air, "that this young man hasn't got the usages of society—he's not been accustomed to it:" and he led the dandy out.

Others had meanwhile explained the state of the case to the Colonel —including Sir Thomas de Boots, who was highly energetic and delighted with Clive's spirit; and some were for having the song to continue; but the Colonel, puffing his cigar, said, "No. My pipe is out. I will never sing again." So this history will record no more of Thomas Newcome's musical performances.

CHAPTER XIV.

PARK LANE.

LIVE woke up the next morning to be aware of a racking headache, and by the dim light of his throbbing eyes, to behold his father with solemn face at his bed-foot—a reproving conscience to greet his waking.

"You drank too much wine last night, and disgraced yourself, Sir," the old soldier said. "You must get up and eat humble pie this morning, my boy."

"Humble what, father?" asked the lad, hardly aware of his words, or the scene before him. "O, I've got such a headache!"

"Serve you right, Sir. Many a young fellow has had to go on parade in the morning, with a headache earned overnight. Drink this water. Now jump up. Now, dash the water well over your head. There you come! Make your toilette quickly, and let us be off, and find cousin Barnes before he has left home."

Clive obeyed the paternal orders; dressed himself quickly; and descending, found his father smoking his morning cigar in the apartment where they had dined the night before, and where the tables still were covered with the relics of yesterday's feast—the emptied bottles, the blank lamps, the scattered ashes and fruits, the wretched heel-taps that have been lying exposed all night to the air. Who does not know the aspect of an expired feast?

"The field of action strewed with the dead, my boy," says Clive's father. "See, here's the glass on the floor yet, and a great stain of claret on the carpet."

"O father!" says Clive, hanging his head down, "I know I shouldn't have done it. But Barnes Newcome would provoke the patience of Job; and I couldn't bear to have my father insulted."

"I am big enough to fight my own battles, my boy," the Colonel said good-naturedly, putting his hand on the lad's damp head. "How your head throbs! If Barnes laughed at my singing, depend upon it, Sir,

there was something ridiculous in it, and he laughed because he could not help it. If he behaved ill, we should not; and to a man who is eating our salt too, and is of our blood."

"He is ashamed of our blood, father," cries Clive, still indignant.

"We ought to be ashamed of doing wrong. We must go and ask his pardon. Once when I was a young man in India," the father continued very gravely, "some hot words passed at mess—not such an insult as that of last night; I don't think I could have quite borne that—and people found fault with me for forgiving the youngster who had uttered the offensive expressions over his wine. Some of my acquaintance sneered at my courage, and that is a hard imputation for a young fellow of spirit to bear. But providentially, you see, it was war-time, and very soon after I had the good luck to show that I was not a *poule mouillée*, as the French call it; and the man who insulted me, and whom I forgave, became my fastest friend, and died by my side—it was poor Jack Cutler—at Argaum. We must go and ask Barnes Newcome's pardon, Sir, and forgive other peoples' trespasses, my boy, if we hope forgiveness of our own." His voice sank down as he spoke, and he bowed his honest head reverently. I have heard his son tell the simple story years afterwards, with tears in his eyes.

Piccadilly was hardly yet awake, the next morning, and the sparkling dews and the poor homeless vagabonds still had possession of the grass of Hyde Park, as the pair walked up to Sir Brian Newcome's house, where the shutters were just opening to let in the day. The housemaid, who was scrubbing the steps of the house, and washing its trim feet in a manner which became such a polite mansion's morning toilet, knew Master Clive, and smiled at him from under her blousy curl-papers, admitting the two gentlemen into Sir Brian's dining-room, where they proposed to wait until Mr. Barnes should appear. There they sate for an hour looking at Lawrence's picture of Lady Ann, leaning over a harp, attired in white muslin; at Harlowe's portrait of Mrs. Newcome, with her two sons simpering at her knees, painted at a time when the Newcome brothers were not the bald-headed, red-whiskered British merchants with whom the reader has made acquaintance, but chubby children with hair flowing down their backs, and quaint little swallow-tailed jackets and nankeen trowsers. A splendid portrait of the late Earl of Kew in his peer's robes hangs opposite his daughter and her harp. We are writing of George the Fourth's reign; I daresay there hung in the room a fine framed print of that great sovereign. The chandelier is in a canvas bag; the vast side-board, whereon are erected open frames for the support of Sir Brian Newcome's grand silver trays, which on dinner days gleam on that festive board, now groans under the weight of Sir Brian's blue-books. An immense receptacle for wine, shaped like a Roman sarcophagus, lurks under the side-board. Two people sitting at that large dining-table must talk very loud so as to make themselves heard across those great slabs of mahogany covered with damask. The butler and servants who attend at the table take

a long time walking round it. I picture to myself two persons of ordinary size sitting in that great room at that great table, far apart, in neat evening costume, sipping a little sherry, silent, genteel, and glum; and think the great and wealthy are not always to be envied, and that there may be more comfort and happiness in a snug parlour, where you are served by a brisk little maid, than in a great dark, dreary dining-hall, where a funereal major-domo and a couple of stealthy footmen minister to you your mutton chops. They come and lay the cloth presently, wide as the main sheet of some tall ammiral. A pile of newspapers and letters for the master of the house, the *Newcome Sentinel*, old county paper, moderate conservative, in which our worthy townsman and member is praised, his benefactions are recorded, and his speeches given at full length; the *Newcome Independent*, in which our precious member is weekly described as a ninny, and informed almost every Thursday morning that he is a bloated aristocrat, as he munches his dry toast. Heaps of letters, county papers, *Times* and *Morning Herald* for Sir Brian Newcome; little heaps of letters (dinner and soirée cards most of these), and *Morning Post* for Mr. Barnes. Punctually as eight o'clock strikes, that young gentleman comes to breakfast; his father will lie yet for another hour; the Baronet's prodigious labours in the House of Commons keeping him frequently out of bed till sunrise.

As his cousin entered the room, Clive turned very red, and perhaps a faint blush might appear on Barnes's pallid countenance. He came in, a handkerchief in one hand, a pamphlet in the other, and both hands being thus engaged, he could offer neither to his kinsmen.

"You are come to breakfast, I hope," he said—calling it "weakfast," and pronouncing the words with a most languid drawl—"or, perhaps, you want to see my father? He is never out of his room till half-past nine. Harper, did Sir Brian come in last night before or after me?" Harper, the butler, thinks Sir Brian came in after Mr. Barnes.

When that functionary had quitted the room, Barnes turned round to his uncle in a candid, smiling way, and said, "The fact is, Sir, I don't know when I came home myself very distinctly, and can't, of course, tell about my father. Generally, you know, there are two candles left in the hall, you know; and if there are two, you know, I know of course that my father is still at the House. But last night after that capital song you sang, hang me if I know what happened to me. I beg your pardon, Sir, I'm shocked at having been so overtaken. Such a confounded thing doesn't happen to me once in ten years. I do trust I didn't do anything rude to anybody, for I thought some of your friends the pleasantest fellows I ever met in my life; and as for the claret, 'gad, as if I hadn't had enough after dinner, I brought a quantity of it away with me on my shirt-front and waistcoat!"

"I beg your pardon, Barnes," Clive said, blushing deeply, "and I'm very sorry indeed for what passed; I threw it."

The Colonel, who had been listening with a queer expression of

wonder and doubt on his face, here interrupted Mr. Barnes. "It was Clive that—that spilled the wine over you last night," Thomas Newcome said; "the young rascal had drunk a great deal too much wine, and had neither the use of his head nor his hands, and this morning I have given him a lecture, and he has come to ask your pardon for his clumsiness; and if you have forgotten your share in the night's transaction, I hope you have forgotten his, and will accept his hand and his apology."

"Apology! There's no apology," cries Barnes, holding out a couple of fingers of his hand, but looking towards the Colonel, "I don't know what happened any more than the dead. Did we have a row? Were there any glasses broken? The best way in such cases is to sweep 'em up. We can't mend them."

The Colonel said gravely—"that he was thankful to find that the disturbance of the night before had no worse result." He pulled the tail of Clive's coat, when that unlucky young blunderer was about to trouble his cousin with indiscreet questions or explanations, and checked his talk. "The other night you saw an old man in drink, my boy," he said, "and to what shame and degradation the old wretch had brought himself. Wine has given you a warning too, which I hope you will remember all your life; no one has seen me the worse for drink these forty years, and I hope both you young gentlemen will take counsel by an old soldier, who fully preaches what he practises, and beseeches you to beware of the bottle."

After quitting their kinsman, the kind Colonel farther improved the occasion with his son; and told him out of his own experience many stories of quarrels, and duels, and wine; how the wine had occasioned the brawls; and the foolish speech over night the bloody meeting at morning; how he had known widows and orphans made by hot words uttered in idle orgies: how the truest honour was the manly confession of wrong; and the best courage the courage to avoid temptation. The humble-minded speaker, whose advice contained the best of all wisdom, that which comes from a gentle and reverent spirit, and a pure and generous heart, never for once thought of the effect which he might be producing, but uttered his simple say according to the truth within him. Indeed, he spoke out his mind pretty resolutely on all subjects which moved or interested him; and Clive, his son, and his honest chum, Mr. Binnie, who had a great deal more reading and much keener intelligence than the Colonel, were amused often at his naïve opinion about men, or books, or morals. Mr. Clive had a very fine natural sense of humour which played perpetually round his father's simple philosophy, with kind and smiling comments. Between this pair of friends the superiority of wit lay, almost from the very first, on the younger man's side; but, on the other hand, Clive felt a tender admiration for his father's goodness, a loving delight in contemplating his elder's character, which he has never lost, and which in the trials of their future life inexpressibly cheered

and consoled both of them. *Beati illi!* O man of the world, whose wearied eyes may glance over this page, may those who come after you so regard you! O generous boy, who read in it, may you have such a friend to trust and cherish in youth, and in future days fondly and proudly to remember!

Some four or five weeks after the quasi reconciliation between Clive and his kinsman, the chief part of Sir Brian Newcome's family were assembled at the breakfast-table together, where the meal was taken in common, and at the early hour of eight (unless the senator was kept too late in the House of Commons overnight): and Lady Ann and her nursery were now returned to London again, little Alfred being perfectly set up by a month of Brighton air. It was a Thursday morning; on which day of the week, it has been said the *Newcome Independent* and the *Newcome Sentinel* both made their appearance upon the baronet's table. The household from above and from below; the maids and footmen from the basement; the nurses, children, and governesses from the attics; all poured into the room at the sound of a certain bell.

I do not sneer at the purpose for which, at that chiming eight o'clock bell, the household is called together. The urns are hissing, the plate is shining; the father of the house standing up, reads from a gilt book for three or four minutes in a measured cadence. The members of the family are around the table in an attitude of decent reverence, the younger children whisper responses at their mother's knees; the governess worships a little apart; the maids and the large footmen are in a cluster before their chairs, the upper servants performing their devotion on the other side of the side-board; the nurse whisks about the unconscious last-born and tosses it up and down during the ceremony. I do not sneer at that—at the act at which all these people are assembled—it is at the rest of the day I marvel; at the rest of the day, and what it brings. At the very instant when the voice has ceased speaking and the gilded book is shut, the world begins again, and for the next twenty-three hours and fifty-seven minutes, all that household is given up to it. The servile squad rises up and marches away to its basement, whence, should it happen to be a gala day, those tall gentlemen at present attired in Oxford mixture, will issue forth with flour plastered on their heads, yellow coats, pink breeches, sky-blue waistcoats, silver lace, buckles in their shoes, black silk bags on their backs, and I don't know what insane emblems of servility and absurd bedizenments of folly. Their very manner of speaking to what we call their masters and mistresses will be a like monstrous masquerade. You know no more of that race which inhabits the basement floor, than of the men and brethren of Timbuctoo, to whom some among us send missionaries. If you met some of your servants in the streets (I respectfully suppose for a moment that the reader is a person of high fashion and a great establishment), you would not know their faces. You might sleep under the same roof for

half a century, and know nothing about them. If they were ill, you would not visit them, though you would send them an apothecary and of course order that they lacked for nothing. You are not unkind, you are not worse than your neighbours. Nay, perhaps if you did go into the kitchen, or to take the tea in the servants' hall, you would do little good, and only bore the folks assembled there. But so it is. With those fellow Christians who have just been saying Amen to your prayers, you have scarcely the community of Charity. They come, you don't know whence; they think and talk you don't know what; they die, and you don't care, or *vice versâ*. They answer the bell for prayers as they answer the bell for coals: for exactly three minutes in the day you all kneel together on one carpet—and, the desires and petitions of the servants and masters over, the rite called family worship is ended.

Exeunt servants, save those two who warm the newspaper, administer the muffins, and serve out the tea. Sir Brian reads his letters, and chumps his dry toast. Ethel whispers to her mother, she thinks Eliza is looking very ill. Lady Ann asks, which is Eliza? It is the woman that was ill before they left town? If she is ill, Mrs. Trotter had better send her away. Mrs. Trotter is only a great deal too good-natured. She is always keeping people who are ill. Then her Ladyship begins to read the *Morning Post*, and glances over the names of the persons who were present at Baroness Bosco's ball, and Mrs. Toddle Tompkyns's *soireé dansante* in Belgrave Square.

"Everybody was there," says Barnes, looking over from his paper.

"But who is Mrs. Toddle Tompkyns?" asks Mamma. "Who ever heard of a Mrs. Toddle Tompkyns? What do people mean by going to such a person?"

"Lady Popinjoy asked the people," Barnes says gravely; "The thing was really doosed well done. The woman looked frightened; but she's pretty, and I am told the daughter will have a great lot of money."

"Is she pretty, and did you dance with her?" asks Ethel.

"Me dance!" says Mr. Barnes. We are speaking of a time before Casinos were, and when the British youth were by no means so active in dancing practice as at this present period. Barnes resumed the reading of his county paper, but presently laid it down, with an execration so brisk and loud, that his mother gave a little outcry, and even his father looked up from his letters to ask the meaning of an oath so unexpected and ungenteel.

"My uncle, the Colonel of sepoys, and his amiable son have been paying a visit to Newcome—that's the news which I have the pleasure to announce to you," says Mr. Barnes.

"You are always sneering about our uncle," breaks in Ethel, with impetuous voice, "and saying unkind things about Clive. Our uncle is a dear, good, kind man, and I love him. He came to Brighton to see us, and went out every day for hours and hours with Alfred,

and Clive too drew pictures for him. And he is good, and kind, and generous, and honest as his father. And Barnes is always speaking ill of him behind his back."

"And his aunt lets very nice lodgings, and is altogether a most desirable acquaintance," says Mr. Barnes. "What a shame it is that we have not cultivated that branch of the family."

"My dear fellow," cries Sir Brian, "I have no doubt Miss Honeyman is a most respectable person. Nothing is so ungenerous as to rebuke a gentleman or a lady on account of their poverty, and I coincide with Ethel in thinking that you speak of your uncle and his son in terms which, to say the least, are disrespectful."

"Miss Honeyman is a dear little old woman," breaks in Ethel. "Was not she kind to Alfred, Mamma, and did not she make him nice jelly? And a Doctor of Divinity—you know Clive's grandfather was a Doctor of Divinity, Mamma, there's a picture of him in a wig—is just as good as a banker, you know he is."

"Did you bring some of Miss Honeyman's lodging-house cards with you, Ethel?" says her brother, "and had we not better hang up one or two in Lombard Street; hers and our other relation's, Mrs. Mason?"

"My darling love, who is Mrs. Mason?" asks Lady Ann.

"Another member of the family, Ma'am. She was cousin—"

"She was no such thing, Sir," roars Sir Brian.

"She was relative and housemaid of my grandfather during his first marriage. She acted, I believe, as dry nurse to the distinguished Colonel of sepoys, my uncle. She has retired into private life in her native town of Newcome, and occupies her latter days by the management of a mangle. The Colonel and young pothouse have gone down to spend a few days with their elderly relative. It's all here in the paper, by Jove." Mr. Barnes clenched his fist, and stamped upon the newspaper with much energy.

"And so they should go down and see her, and so the Colonel should love his nurse, and not forget his relations if they are old and poor," cries Ethel, with a flush on her face, and tears starting into her eyes.

"Hear what the Newcome papers say about it," shrieks out Mr. Barnes, his voice quivering, his little eyes flashing out scorn. "It's in both the papers, I dare say. It will be in the *Times* to-morrow. By — it's delightful. Our paper only mentions the gratifying circumstance; here is the paragraph. 'Lieutenant Colonel Newcome, C.B., a distinguished Indian officer, and younger brother of our respected townsman and representative Sir Brian Newcome, Bart, has been staying for the last week at the King's Arms, in our city. He has been visited by the principal inhabitants and leading gentlemen of Newcome, and has come among us, as we understand, in order to pass a few days with an elderly relative, who has been living for many years past in great retirement in this place.'"

"Well, I see no great harm in that paragraph," says Sir Brian. "I wish my brother had gone to the Roebuck, and not to the King's Arms, as the Roebuck is our house: but he could not be expected to know much about the Newcome Inns, as he is a *new comer* himself. And I think it was very right of the people to call on him."

"Now hear what the *Independent* says, and see if you like that, Sir," cries Barnes, grinning fiercely; and he began to read as follows:—

"'Mr. *Independent*—I was born and bred a Screwcomite, and am naturally proud of *everybody* and *everything* which bears the revered name of Screwcome. I am a Briton and a man, though I have not the honour of a vote for my native borough; if I had, you may be sure I would give it to our *admired* and *talented* representative, Don Pomposo Lickspittle Grindpauper, Poor House, Agincourt, Screwcome, whose ancestors fought with Julius Cæsar against William the Conqueror, and whose father certainly wielded a *cloth yard shaft* in London not fifty years ago.

"'Don Pomposo, as you know, seldom favours the town of Screwcome with a visit. Our gentry are not of *ancient birth* enough to be welcome to a Lady Screwcome. Our manufacturers make their money by trade. O fie! how can it be supposed that such *vulgarians* should be received among the *aristocratic society* of Screwcome House? Two balls in the season, and ten dozen of gooseberry, are enough for *them*.'"

"It's that scoundrel Parrot," burst out Sir Brian; "because I wouldn't have any more wine of him—No, it's Vidler, the apothecary. By Heavens! Lady Ann, I told you it would be so. Why didn't you ask the Miss Vidlers to your ball?"

"They were on the list," cries Lady Ann, "three of them; I did everything I could, I consulted Mr. Vidler for poor Alfred, and he actually stopped and saw the dear child take the physic. Why were they not asked to the ball?" cries her Ladyship bewildered; "I declare to gracious goodness I don't know."

"Barnes scratched their names," cries Ethel, "out of the list, Mamma. You know you did, Barnes; you said you had gallipots enough."

"I don't think it is like Vidler's writing," said Mr. Barnes, perhaps willing to turn the conversation. "I think it must be that villain Duff, the baker, who made the song about us at the last election; but hear the rest of the paragraph," and he continued to read—

"'The Screwcomites are at this moment favoured with a visit from a gentleman of the Screwcome family, who, having passed all his life *abroad*, is somewhat different from his relatives, whom we all so *love and honour!* This distinguished gentleman, this gallant soldier, has come among us, not merely to see our manufactures—in which Screwcome can vie with any city in the North—but an old servant and

relation of his family, whom he is not above recognising; who nursed him in his early days; who has been living in her native place for many years, supported by the generous bounty of Colonel N——. The gallant officer, accompanied by his son, a fine youth, has taken repeated drives round our beautiful environs in one of friend Taplow's (of the King's Arms) open drags, and accompanied by Mrs. M——, now an aged lady, who speaks, with tears in her eyes, of the goodness and gratitude of her gallant soldier!

"'One day last week they drove to Screwcome House. Will it be believed that, though the house is only four miles distant from our city—though Don Pomposo's family have inhabited it these twelve years for four or five months every year—Mrs. M—— saw her cousin's house for the first time; has never set her eyes upon those grandees, except in public places, since the day when they *honoured* the county, by purchasing the estate which they own?

"'I have, as I repeat, no vote for the borough; but if I had, O wouldn't I show my respectful gratitude at the next election, and plump for Pomposo! I shall keep my eye upon him, and am, Mr. *Independent*,

"'Your Constant Reader,

"'PEEPING TOM.'"

"The spirit of radicalism abroad in this country," said Sir Brian Newcome, crushing his egg-shell desperately, "is dreadful, really dreadful. We are on the edge of a positive volcano." Down went the egg-spoon into its crater. "The worst sentiments are everywhere publicly advocated; the licentiousness of the press has reached a pinnacle which menaces us with ruin; there is no law which these shameless newspapers respect; no rank which is safe from their attacks; no ancient landmark which the lava flood of democracy does not threaten to overwhelm and destroy."

"When I was at Spielburg," Barnes Newcome remarked kindly, "I saw three long-bearded, putty-faced blaguards pacin up and down a little court-yard, and Count Keppenheimer told me they were three damned editors of Milanese newspapers, who had had seven years of imprisonment already; and last year when Keppenheimer came to shoot at Newcome, I showed him that old thief, old Batters, the proprietor of the *Independent*, and Potts, his infernal ally, driving in a dog-cart; and I said to him, Keppenheimer I wish we had a place where we could lock up some of our infernal radicals of the press, or that you could take off those two villains to Spielburg; and as we were passin, that infernal Potts burst out laughin in my face, and cut one of my pointers over the head with his whip. We must do something with that *Independent*, sir."

"We must," says the father, solemnly, "we must put it down, Barnes, we must put it down."

"I think," says Barnes, "we had best give the railway advertisements to Batters."

"But that makes the man of the *Sentinel* so angry," says the elder persecutor of the press.

"Then let us give Tom Potts some shootin at any rate; the ruffian is always poachin about our covers as it is. Speers should be written to, sir, to keep a look out upon Batters and that villain his accomplice, and to be civil to them, and that sort of thing; and, damn it, to be down upon them whenever he sees the opportunity."

During the above conspiracy for bribing or crushing the independence of a great organ of British opinion, Miss Ethel Newcome held her tongue; but when her papa closed the conversation, by announcing solemnly that he would communicate with Speers, Ethel turning to her mother said, "Mamma, is it true that grandpapa has a relation living at Newcome who is old and poor?"

"My darling child, how on earth should I know?" says Lady Ann. "I dare say Mr. Newcome had plenty of poor relations."

"I am sure some on your side, Ann, have been good enough to visit me at the bank," says Sir Brian, who thought his wife's ejaculation was a reflection upon his family, whereas it was the statement of a simple fact in Natural History. "This person was no relation of my father's at all. She was remotely connected with his first wife, I believe. She acted as servant to him, and has been most handsomely pensioned by the Colonel."

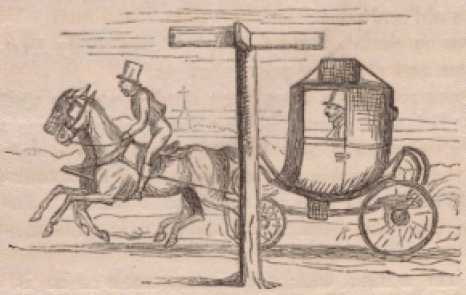
"Who went to her, like a kind, dear, good, brave uncle as he is," cried Ethel; "the very day I go to Newcome I'll go to see her." She caught a look of negation in her father's eye, "I will go—that is if papa will give me leave," says Miss Ethel.

"By Gad, sir," says Barnes, "I think it is the very best thing she could do; and the best way of doing it, Ethel can go with one of the boys and take Mrs. Whatdoyoucallem a gown, or a tract, or that sort of thing, and stop that infernal *Independent's* mouth."

"If we had gone sooner," said Miss Ethel, simply, "there would not have been all this abuse of us in the paper." To which statement her worldly father and brother perforce agreeing, we may congratulate good old Mrs. Mason upon the new and polite acquaintances she is about to make.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OLD LADIES.



HE above letter and conversation will show what our active Colonel's movements and history had been since the last chapter in which they were recorded. He and Clive took the Liverpool Mail, and travelled from Liverpool to Newcome with a post-chaise and a pair of horses, which landed them at the King's Arms. The Colonel delighted in post-chaising—the rapid transit through the country amused him, and cheered his spirits. Besides, had he not Dr. Johnson's word for it, that a swift journey in a post-chaise was one of the greatest enjoyments in life, and a sojourn in a comfortable inn one of its chief pleasures? In travelling he was as happy and noisy as a boy. He talked to the waiters, and made friends with the landlord; got all the information which he could gather, regarding the towns into which he came; and drove about from one sight or curiosity to another with indefatigable good humour and interest. It was good for Clive to see men and cities; to visit mills, manufactories, country seats, cathedrals. He asked a hundred questions regarding all things round about him; and any one caring to know who Thomas Newcome was, and what his rank and business, found no difficulty in having his questions answered by the simple and kindly traveller.

Mine host of the King's Arms, Mr. Taplow aforesaid, knew in five minutes who his guest was, and the errand on which he came. Was not Colonel Newcome's name painted on all his trunks and boxes? Was not his servant ready to answer all questions regarding the Colonel and his son? Newcome pretty generally introduced Clive to my landlord, when the latter brought his guest his bottle of wine. With old-fashioned cordiality, the Colonel would bid the landlord drink a glass of his own liquor, and seldom failed to say to him, "This is my

son, Sir. We are travelling together to see the country. Every English gentleman should see his own country first, before he goes abroad, as we intend to do afterwards—to make the Grand Tour. And I will thank you to tell me what there is remarkable in your town, and what we ought to see—antiquities, manufactures, and seats in the neighbourhood. We wish to see everything, Sir—everything." Elaborate diaries of these home tours are still extant, in Clive's boyish manuscript and the Colonel's dashing handwriting—quaint records of places visited, and alarming accounts of inn bills paid.

So Mr. Taplow knew in five minutes that his guest was a brother of Sir Brian, their member; and saw the note despatched by an ostler to "Mrs. Sarah Mason, Jubilee Row," announcing that the Colonel had arrived, and would be with her after his dinner. Mr. Taplow did not think fit to tell his guest that the house Sir Brian used—the Blue House—was the Roebuck, not the King's Arms. Might not the gentlemen be of different politics? Mr. Taplow's wine knew none.

Some of the jolliest fellows in all Newcome use the Boscawen Room at the King's Arms as their club, and pass numberless merry evenings and crack countless jokes there.

Duff, the baker; old Mr. Vidler, when he can get away from his medical labours (and his hand shakes, it must be owned, very much now, and his nose is very red); Parrot, the auctioneer; and that amusing dog, Tom Potts, the talented reporter of the *Independent*—were pretty constant attendants at the King's Arms; and Colonel Newcome's dinner was not over before some of these gentlemen knew what dishes he had had; how he had called for a bottle of sherry and a bottle of claret, like a gentleman; how he had paid the post-boys, and travelled with a servant, like a top-sawyer; that he was come to shake hands with an old nurse and relative of his family. Every one of those jolly Britons thought well of the Colonel for his affectionateness and liberality, and contrasted it with the behaviour of the Tory Baronet—their representative.

His arrival made a sensation in the place. The Blue Club at the Roebuck discussed it, as well as the uncompromising Liberals at the King's Arms. Mr. Speers, Sir Brian's agent, did not know how to act, and advised Sir Brian by the next night's mail. The Reverend Dr. Bulders, the rector, left his card.

Meanwhile, it was not gain or business, but only love and gratitude which brought Thomas Newcome to his father's native town. Their dinner over, away went the Colonel and Clive, guided by the ostler, their previous messenger, to the humble little tenement, which Thomas Newcome's earliest friend inhabited. The good old woman put her spectacles into her Bible, and flung herself into her boy's arms, her boy who was more than fifty years old. She embraced Clive still more eagerly and frequently than she kissed his father. She did not know her Colonel with them whiskers. Clive was the very picture of the

dear boy as he had left her almost two score years ago. And as fondly as she hung on the boy, her memory had ever clung round that early time when they were together. The good soul told endless tales of her darling's childhood, his frolics and beauty. To-day was uncertain to her, but the past was still bright and clear. As they sat prattling together over the bright tea-table, attended by the trim little maid, whose services the Colonel's bounty secured for his old nurse, the kind old creature insisted on having Clive by her side. Again and again she would think he was actually her own boy, forgetting in that sweet and pious hallucination, that the bronzed face, and thinned hair, and melancholy eyes of the veteran before her, were those of her nursling of old days. So for near half the space of man's allotted life he had been absent from her, and day and night wherever he was, in sickness or health, in sorrow or danger, her innocent love and prayers had attended the absent darling. Not in vain, not in vain, does he live whose course is so befriended. Let us be thankful for our race, as we think of the love that blesses some of us. Surely it has something of Heaven in it, and angels celestial may rejoice in it, and admire it.

Having nothing whatever to do, our Colonel's movements are of course exceedingly rapid, and he has the very shortest time to spend in any single place. That evening, Saturday, and the next day, Sunday, when he will faithfully accompany his dear old nurse to church. And what a festival is that day for her, when she has her Colonel and that beautiful brilliant boy of his by her side, and Mr. Hicks, the curate, looking at him, and the venerable Dr. Bulders himself eyeing him from the pulpit, and all the neighbours fluttering and whispering to be sure, who can be that fine military gentleman, and that splendid young man sitting by old Mrs. Mason, and leading her so affectionately out of church? That Saturday and Sunday the Colonel will pass with good old Mason, but on Monday he must be off; on Tuesday he must be in London, he has important business in London,—in fact, Tom Hamilton, of his regiment, comes up for election at the Oriental on that day, and on such an occasion could Thomas Newcome be absent? He drives away from the King's Arms through a row of smirking chambermaids, smiling waiters, and thankful ostlers, accompanied to the post-chaise, of which the obsequious Taplow shuts the door, and the Boscawen Room pronounces him that night to be a trump; and the whole of the busy town, ere the next day is over, has heard of his coming and departure, praised his kindliness and generosity, and no doubt contrasted it with the different behaviour of the baronet, his brother, who has gone for some time by the ignominious sobriquet of Screwcome, in the neighbourhood of his ancestral hall.

Dear old nurse Mason will have a score of visits to make and to receive, at all of which you may be sure that triumphal advent of the Colonel's will be discussed and admired. Mrs. Mason will show her beautiful new India shawl, and her splendid Bible with the large print, and the affectionate inscription, from Thomas Newcome to his dearest old

friend; her little maid will exhibit her new gown; the curate will see the Bible, and Mrs. Bulders will admire the shawl; and the old friends and humble companions of the good old lady, as they take their Sunday walks by the pompous lodge-gates of Newcome Park, which stand with the baronet's new-fangled arms over them, gilded, and filagreed, and barred, will tell their stories too about the kind Colonel and his hard brother. When did Sir Brian ever visit a poor old woman's cottage, or his bailiff exempt from the rent? What good action, except a few thin blankets and beggarly coal and soup-tickets, did Newcome Park ever do for the poor? And as for the Colonel's wealth, lord bless you, he's been in India these five and-thirty years; the baronet's money is a drop in the sea to his. The Colonel is the kindest, the best, the richest of men. These facts and opinions, doubtless, inspired the eloquent pen of "Peeping Tom," when he indited the sarcastic epistle to the *Newcome Independent*, which we perused over Sir Brian Newcome's shoulder in the last chapter.

And you may be sure Thomas Newcome had not been many weeks in England before good little Miss Honeyman, at Brighton, was favoured with a visit from her dear Colonel. The envious Gawler scowling out of his bow-window, where the fly-blown card still proclaimed that his lodgings were unoccupied, had the mortification to behold a yellow post-chaise drive up to Miss Honeyman's door, and having discharged two gentlemen from within, trot away with servant and baggage to some house of entertainment other than Gawler's. Whilst this wretch was cursing his own ill fate, and execrating yet more deeply Miss Honeyman's better fortune, the worthy little lady was treating her Colonel to a sisterly embrace, and a solemn reception. Hannah, the faithful housekeeper, was presented, and had a shake of the hand. The Colonel knew all about Hannah: ere he had been in England a week, a basket containing pots of jam of her confection, and a tongue of Hannah's curing, had arrived for the Colonel. That very night when his servant had lodged Colonel Newcome's effects at the neighbouring hotel, Hannah was in possession of one of the Colonel's shirts: she and her mistress having previously conspired to make a dozen of those garments for the family benefactor.

All the presents which Newcome had ever transmitted to his sister-in-law from India, had been taken out of the cotton and lavender in which the faithful creature kept them. It was a fine hot day in June, but I promise you Miss Honeyman wore her blazing scarlet Cashmere shawl; her great brooch, representing the Taj of Agra, was in her collar; and her bracelets (she used to say, "I am given to understand they are called Bangles, my dear, by the natives,") decorated the sleeves round her lean old hands, which trembled with pleasure as they received the kind grasp of the Colonel of colonels. How busy those hands had been that morning! What custards they had whipped! —what a triumph of pie-crusts they had achieved! Before Colonel Newcome had been ten minutes in the house, the celebrated veal-

cutlets made their appearance. Was not the whole house adorned in expectation of his coming? Had not Mr. Kuhn, the affable foreign gentleman of the first floor lodgers, prepared a French dish? Was not Betty on the look out, and instructed to put the cutlets on the fire at the very moment when the Colonel's carriage drove up to her mistress's door? The good woman's eyes twinkled, the kind old hand and voice shook, as holding up a bright glass of Madeira, Miss Honeyman drank the Colonel's health. "I promise you, my dear Colonel," says she, nodding her head, adorned with a bristling superstructure of lace and ribands, "I promise you, that I can drink your health in good *wine!*" The wine was of his own sending; and so were the China fire-screens, and the sandalwood workbox, and the ivory card-case, and those magnificent pink and white chessmen, carved like little sepoys and mandarins, with the castles on elephants' backs, George the Third and his queen in pink ivory, against the Emperor of China and lady in white—the delight of Clive's childhood, the chief ornament of the old spinster's sitting-room.

Miss Honeyman's little feast was pronounced to be the perfection of cookery; and when the meal was over, came a noise of little feet at the parlour door, which being opened, there appeared, first, a tall nurse with a dancing baby; second and third, two little girls with little frocks, little trowsers, long ringlets, blue eyes, and blue ribbons to match; fourth, Master Alfred, now quite recovered from his illness, and holding by the hand, fifth, Miss Ethel Newcome, blushing like a rose.

Hannah, grinning, acted as mistress of the ceremonies, calling out the names of "Miss Newcomes, Master Newcomes, to see the Colonel, if you please, Ma'am," bobbing a curtsey, and giving a knowing nod to Master Clive, as she smoothed her new silk apron. Hannah, too, was in new attire, all crisp and rustling, in the Colonel's honour. Miss Ethel did not cease blushing as she advanced towards her uncle; and the honest campaigner started up, blushing too. Mr. Clive rose also, as little Alfred, of whom he was a great friend, ran towards him. Clive rose, laughed, nodded at Ethel, and eat gingerbread nuts all at the same time. As for Colonel Thomas Newcome and his niece, they fell in love with each other instantaneously, like Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess of China.

I have turned away one artist: the poor creature was utterly incompetent to depict the sublime, graceful, and pathetic personages and events with which this history will most assuredly abound, and I doubt whether even the designer engaged in his place can make such a portrait of Miss Ethel Newcome as shall satisfy her friends and her own sense of justice. That blush which we have indicated, he cannot render. How are you to copy it with a steel point and a ball of printer's ink? That kindness which lights up the Colonel's eyes; gives an expression to the very wrinkles round about them; shines as a halo round his face;—what artist can paint it? The

painters of old, when they pourtrayed sainted personages, were fain to have recourse to compasses and gold-leaf—as if celestial splendour could be represented by Dutch metal! As our artist cannot come up to this task, the reader will be pleased to let his fancy paint for itself the look of courtesy for a woman, admiration for a young beauty, protection for an innocent child, all of which are expressed upon the Colonel's kind face, as his eyes are set upon Ethel Newcome.

"Mamma has sent us to bid you welcome to England, Uncle," says Miss Ethel, advancing, and never thinking for a moment of laying aside that fine blush which she brought into the room, and which is *her* pretty symbol of youth, and modesty, and beauty.

He took a little slim white hand and laid it down on his brown palm, where it looked all the whiter: he cleared the grizzled mustachio from his mouth, and stooping down he kissed the little white hand with a great deal of grace and dignity. There was no point of resemblance, and yet a something in the girl's look, voice, and movements, which caused his heart to thrill, and an image out of the past to rise up and salute him. The eyes which had brightened his youth (and which he saw in his dreams and thoughts for faithful years afterwards, as though they looked at him out of heaven), seemed to shine upon him after five-and-thirty years. He remembered such a fair bending neck and clustering hair, such a light foot and airy figure,

such a slim hand lying in his own—and now parted from it with a gap of ten thousand long days between. It is an old saying, that we forget nothing; as people in fever begin suddenly to talk the language of

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their infancy: we are stricken by memory sometimes, and old affections rush back on us as vivid as in the time when they were our daily talk, when their presence gladdened our eyes, when their accents thrilled in our ears, when with passionate tears and grief we flung ourselves upon their hopeless corpses. Parting is death, at least as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end; it is carried off in a coffin, or, weeping in a post-chaise, it drops out of life one way or other, and the earth-clods close over it, and we see it no more. But it has been part of our souls, and it is eternal. Does a mother not love her dead infant? a man his lost mistress? with the fond wife nestling at his side,—yes, with twenty children smiling round her knee. No doubt, as the old soldier held the girl's hand in his, the little talisman led him back to Hades, and he saw Leonora. . . .

"How do you do, uncle," say girls No. 2 and 3, in a pretty little infantile chorus. He drops the talisman, he is back in common life again—the dancing baby in the arms of the bobbing nurse babbles a welcome. Alfred looks up for awhile at his uncle in the white trowsers, and then instantly proposes that Clive should make him some drawings; and is on his knees at the next moment. He is always climbing on somebody or something, or winding over chairs, curling through bannisters, standing on somebody's head, or his own head,—as his convalescence advances, his breakages are fearful. Miss Honeyman and Hannah will talk about his dilapidations for years after the little chap has left them. When he is a jolly young officer in the Guards, and comes to see them at Brighton, they will show him the blue dragon Chayny jar on which he *would* sit, and which he cried so fearfully upon breaking.

When this little party has gone out smiling to take its walk on the sea-shore, the Colonel sits down and resumes the interrupted dessert. Miss Honeyman talks of the children and their mother, and the merits of Mr. Kuhn, and the beauty of Miss Ethel, glancing significantly towards Clive, who has had enough of gingerbread-nuts and dessert and wine, and whose youthful nose is by this time at the window. What kind-hearted woman, young or old, does not love match-making?

The Colonel, without lifting his eyes from the table, says "she reminds him of—of somebody he knew once."

"Indeed!" cries Miss Honeyman, and thinks Emma must have altered very much after going to India, for she had fair hair, and white eyelashes, and not a pretty foot certainly—but, my dear good lady, the Colonel is not thinking of the late Mrs. Casey.

He has taken a fitting quantity of the Madeira, the artless greeting of the people here, young and old, has warmed his heart, and he goes up-stairs to pay a visit to his sister-in-law, to whom he makes his most courteous bow as becomes a lady of her rank. Ethel takes her place quite naturally beside him during his visit. Where did he learn those fine manners, which all of us who knew him admired in him? He had a natural simplicity, an habitual practice of kind and generous thoughts; a pure mind, and therefore above hypocrisy and affectation—

perhaps those French people with whom he had been intimate in early life had imparted to him some of the traditional graces of their *vieille cour*—certainly his half-brothers had inherited none such. "What is this that Barnes has written about his uncle, that the Colonel is ridiculous?" Lady Ann said to her daughter that night. "Your uncle is adorable. I have never seen a more perfect grand Seigneur. He puts me in mind of my grandfather, though grandpapa's grand manner was more artificial, and his voice spoiled by snuff. See the Colonel. He smokes round the garden, but with what perfect grace! This is the man Uncle Hobson, and your poor dear papa, have represented to us as a species of bear! Mr. Newcome, who has himself the *ton* of a waiter! The Colonel is perfect. What can Barnes mean by ridiculing him? I wish Barnes had such a distinguished air; but he is like his poor dear papa. *Que voulez vous*, my love? The Newcomes are honourable: the Newcomes are wealthy: but distinguished; no. I never deluded myself with that notion when I married your poor dear papa. At once I pronounce Colonel Newcome a person to be in every way distinguished by us. On our return to London I shall present him to all our family: poor good man! let him see that his family have some presentable relations besides those whom he will meet at Mrs. Newcome's, in Bryanstone Square. You must go to Bryanstone Square, immediately we return to London. You must ask your cousins and their governess, and we will give them a little party. Mrs. Newcome is insupportable, but we must never forsake our relatives, Ethel. When you come out you will have to dine there, and to go to her ball. Every young lady in your position in the world has sacrifices to make, and duties to her family to perform. Look at me. Why did I marry your poor dear papa? From duty. Has your Aunt Fanny, who ran away with Captain Canonbury been happy? They have eleven children, and are starving at Boulogne. Think of three of Fanny's boys in yellow stockings at the Bluecoat School. Your papa got them appointed. I am sure my papa would have gone mad, if he had seen that day! She came with one of the poor wretches to Park Lane: but I could not see them. My feelings would not allow me. When my maid, I had a French maid then—Louise, you remember; her conduct was *abominable:* so was Préville's—when she came and said that my lady Fanny was below with a young gentleman, *qui portait des bas jaunes*, I could not see the child. I begged her to come up in my room: and, absolutely that I might not offend her, I went to bed. That wretch Louise met her at Boulogne and told her afterwards. Good night, we must not stand chattering here any more. Heaven bless you, my darling! Those are the Colonel's windows! Look, he is smoking on his balcony—that must be Clive's room. Clive is a good kind boy. It was very kind of him to draw so many pictures for Alfred. Put the drawings away, Ethel. Mr. Smee saw some in Park Lane, and said they showed remarkable genius. What a genius your aunt

Emily had for drawing; but it was flowers! I had no genius in particular, so mamma used to say—and Doctor Belper said, 'My dear Lady Walham' (it was before my grandpapa's death), 'has Miss Ann a genius for sewing buttons and making puddens?'—puddens he pronounced it. Good night, my own love. Blessings, blessings, on my Ethel!"

The Colonel from his balcony saw the slim figure of the retreating girl, and looked fondly after her: and as the smoke of his cigar floated in the air, he formed a fine castle in it, whereof Clive was lord, and that pretty Ethel, lady. "What a frank, generous, bright young creature is yonder!" thought he. "How cheery and gay she is; how good to Miss Honeyman, to whom she behaved with just the respect that was the old lady's due—how affectionate with her brothers and

sisters. What a sweet voice she has! What a pretty little white hand it is! When she gave it me, it looked like a little white bird lying in mine. I must wear gloves, by Jove I must, and my coat *is*

old-fashioned, as Binnie says; what a fine match might be made between that child and Clive! She reminds me of a pair of eyes I haven't seen these forty years. I would like to have Clive married to her; to see him out of the scrapes and dangers that young fellows encounter, and safe with such a sweet girl as that. If God had so willed it, I might have been happy myself, and could have made a woman happy. But the Fates were against me. I should like to see Clive happy, and then say *Nunc dimittis*. I shan't want anything more to-night, Kean, and you can go to bed."

"Thank you Colonel," says Kean, who enters, having prepared his master's bed-chamber, and is retiring when the Colonel calls after him.

"I say, Kean, is that blue coat of mine very old?"

"Uncommon white about the seams, Colonel," says the man.

"Is it older than other people's coats?"—Kean is obliged gravely to confess that the Colonel's coat is very queer.

"Get me another coat then—see that I don't do anything or wear anything unusual. I have been so long out of Europe, that I don't know the customs here, and am not above learning."

Kean retires, vowing that his master is an old trump; which opinion he had already expressed to Mr. Kuhn, Lady Hann's man, over a long potation which those two gentlemen had taken together. And, as all of us, in one way or another, are subject to this domestic criticism, from which not the most exalted can escape, I say, lucky is the man whose servants speak well of him.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH MR. SHERRICK LETS HIS HOUSE IN FITZROY SQUARE.

In spite of the sneers of the *Newcome Independent*, and the Colonel's unlucky visit to his nurse's native place, he still remained in high favour in Park Lane; where the worthy gentleman paid almost daily visits, and was received with welcome and almost affection, at least by the ladies and the children of the house. Who was it that took the children to Astley's but Uncle Newcome? I saw him there in the midst of a cluster of these little people, all children together. He laughed delighted at Mr. Merryman's jokes in the ring. He beheld the Battle of Waterloo with breathless interest, and was amazed—amazed, by Jove, Sir—at the prodigious likeness of the principal actor to the Emperor Napoleon; whose tomb he had visited on his return from India, as it pleased him to tell his little audience who sat clustering round him: the little girls, Sir Bryan's daughters, holding each by a finger of his honest hands; young Masters Alfred and Edward clapping and hurraing by his side; while Mr. Clive and Miss Ethel sat in the back of the box enjoying the scene, but with that decorum which belonged to their superior age and gravity. As for Clive, he was in these matters much older than the grizzled old warrior, his father. It did one good to hear the Colonel's honest laughs at clown's jokes, and to see the tenderness and simplicity with which he watched over this happy brood of young ones. How lavishly did he supply them with sweetmeats between the acts! There he sat in the midst of them, and ate an orange himself with perfect satisfaction. I wonder what sum of money Mr. Barnes Newcome would have taken to sit for five hours with his young brothers and sisters in a public box at the theatre and eat an orange in the face of the audience? When little Alfred went to Harrow, you may be sure Colonel Newcome and Clive galloped over to see the little man and tipped him royally. What money is better bestowed than that of a schoolboy's tip? How the kindness is recalled by the recipient in after days? It blesses him that gives and him that takes. Remember how happy such benefactions made you in your own early time, and go off on the very first fine day, and tip your nephew at school!

The Colonel's organ of benevolence was so large, that he would have liked to administer bounties to the young folks his nephews and

nieces in Bryanstone Square, as well as to their cousins in Park Lane; but Mrs. Newcome was a great deal too virtuous to admit of such spoiling of children. She took the poor gentleman to task for an attempt upon her boys when those lads came home for their holidays, and caused them ruefully to give back the shining gold sovereign with which their uncle had thought to give them a treat.

"I do not quarrel with *other* families," says she; "I do not *allude* to other families;" meaning, of course, that she did not allude to Park Lane. "There *may* be children who are allowed to receive money from their father's grown-up friends. There *may* be children who hold out their hands for presents, and thus become mercenary in early life. I make no reflections with regard to *other* households. *I* only look, and think, and pray for the welfare of my *own* beloved ones. They want for nothing. Heaven has bounteously furnished us with every comfort, with every elegance, with every luxury. Why need we be bounden to others, who have been ourselves so amply provided? I should consider it ingratitude, Colonel Newcome, want of proper spirit, to allow *my* boys to accept money. Mind, I make *no allusions*. When they go to school they receive a sovereign a-piece from their father, and a shilling a week, which is ample pocket-money. When they are at home, I desire that they may have rational amusements: I send them to the Polytechnic with Professor Hickson, who kindly explains to them some of the marvels of science and the wonders of machinery. I send them to the picture galleries and the British Museum. I go with them myself to the delightful lectures at the institution in Albemarle Street. I do not desire that they should attend theatrical exhibitions. I do not quarrel with those who go to plays; far from it! Who am I that I should venture to judge the conduct of others? When you wrote from India, expressing a wish that your boy should be made acquainted with the works of Shakspeare, I gave up my own opinion at once. Should I interpose between a child and his father? I encouraged the boy to go to the play, and sent him to the pit with one of our footmen."

"And you tipped him very handsomely, my dear Maria, too," said the good-natured Colonel, breaking in upon her sermon; but Virtue was not to be put off in that way.

"And why, Colonel Newcome," Virtue exclaimed, laying a pudgy little hand on its heart; "why did I treat Clive so? Because I stood towards him *in loco parentis;* because he was as a child to me, and I to him as a mother. I indulged him more than my own. I loved him with a true maternal tenderness. *Then* he was happy to come to our house: *then* perhaps Park Lane was not so often open to him as Bryanstone Square; but I make *no allusions*. *Then* he did not go six times to another house for once that he came to mine. He was a simple, confiding, generous boy. He was not dazzled by worldly rank or titles of splendour. He could not find *these* in Bryanstone Square. A merchant's wife, a country lawyer's daughter

—I could not be expected to have my humble board surrounded by titled aristocracy; I would not if I could. I love my own family too well; I am too honest, too simple,—let me own it at once, Colonel Newcome, too *proud!* And now, now his father has come to England, and I have resigned him, and he meets with no titled aristocrats at my house, and he does not come here any more."

Tears rolled out of her little eyes as she spoke, and she covered her round face with her pocket-handkerchief.

Had Colonel Newcome read the paper that morning, he might have seen amongst what are called the fashionable announcements, the cause, perhaps, why his sister-in-law had exhibited so much anger and virtue. The *Morning Post* stated, that yesterday Sir Brian and Lady Newcome entertained at dinner His Excellency the Persian Ambassador and Bucksheesh Bey; the Right Honourable Cannon Rowe, President of the Board of Control, and Lady Louisa Rowe; the Earl of H——, the Countess of Kew, the Earl of Kew, Sir Currey Baughton, Major General and Mrs. Hooker, Colonel Newcome, and Mr. Horace Fogey. Afterwards her Ladyship had an assembly, which was attended by &c. &c.

This catalogue of illustrious names had been read by Mrs. Newcome to her spouse at breakfast, with such comments as she was in the habit of making.

"The President of the Board of Control, the Chairman of the Court of Directors, and Ex-Governor General of India, and a whole regiment of Kews. By Jove, Maria, the Colonel is in good company," cries Mr. Newcome, with a laugh. "That's the sort of dinner you should have given him. Some people to talk about India. When he dined with us he was put between old Lady Wormely and Professor Roots. I don't wonder at his going to sleep after dinner. I was off myself once or twice during that confounded long argument between Professor Roots and Dr. Windus. That Windus is the deuce to talk."

"Dr. Windus is a man of science, and his name is of European celebrity!" says Maria solemnly. "Any intellectual person would prefer such company to the titled nobodies into whose family your brother has married."

"There you go, Polly; you are always having a shy at Lady Ann and her relations," says Mr. Newcome, good-naturedly.

"A shy! How can you use such vulgar words, Mr. Newcome? What have I to do with Sir Brian's titled relations? I do not value nobility. I prefer people of science—people of intellect—to all the rank in the world."

"So you do," says Hobson her spouse. "You have your party.—Lady Ann has her party. You take your line—Lady Ann takes her line. You are a superior woman, my dear Polly; every one knows that. I'm a plain country farmer, I am. As long as you are happy, I am happy too. The people you get to dine here may talk Greek or

algebra for what I care. By Jove, my dear, I think you can hold your own with the best of them."

"I have endeavoured by assiduity to make up for time lost, and an early imperfect education," says Mrs. Newcome. "You married a poor country lawyer's daughter. You did not seek a partner in the Peerage, Mr. Newcome."

"No, no. Not such a confounded flat as that," cries Mr. Newcome, surveying his plump partner behind her silver teapot, with eyes of admiration.

"I had an imperfect education, but I knew its blessings, and have, I trust, endeavoured to cultivate the humble talents which Heaven has given me, Mr. Newcome."

"Humble, by Jove!" exclaims the husband. "No gammon of that sort, Polly. You know well enough that you are a superior woman. I ain't a superior man. I know that: one is enough in a family. I leave the reading to you, my dear. Here comes my horses. I say, I wish you'd call on Lady Ann, to-day. Do go and see her, now that's a good girl. I know she is flighty, and that; and Brian's back is up a little. But he ain't a bad fellow; and I wish I could see you and his wife better friends."

On his way to the City, Mr. Newcome rode to look at the new house, No. 120, Fitzroy Square, which his brother, the Colonel, had taken in conjunction with that Indian friend of his, Mr. Binnie. Shrewd old cock, Mr. Binnie. Has brought home a good bit of money from India. Is looking out for safe investments. Has been introduced to Newcome Brothers. Mr Newcome thinks very well of the Colonel's friend.

The house is vast, but it must be owned, melancholy. Not long since it was a ladies' school, in an unprosperous condition. The scar left by Madame Latour's brass plate may still be seen on the tall black door, cheerfully ornamented in the style of the end of the last century, with a funereal urn in the centre of the entry, and garlands, and the skulls of rams at each corner. Madame Latour, who at one time actually kept a large yellow coach, and drove her parlour young ladies in the Regent's Park, was an exile from her native country (Islington was her birth-place, and Grigson her paternal name), and an outlaw at the suit of Samuel Sherrick: that Mr. Sherrick, whose wine vaults undermine Lady Whittlesea's Chapel where the eloquent Honeyman preaches.

The house is Mr. Sherrick's house. Some say his name is Shadrach, and pretend to have known him as an orange boy, afterwards as a chorus singer in the theatres, afterwards as secretary to a great tragedian. I know nothing of these stories. He may or he may not be a partner of Mr. Campion, of Shepherd's Inn: he has a handsome villa, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, entertains good company, rather loud, of the sporting sort, rides and drives very showy horses, has boxes at the Opera whenever he likes, and free

access behind the scenes: is handsome, dark, bright-eyed, with a quantity of jewellery, and a tuft to his chin; sings sweetly sentimental songs after dinner. Who cares a fig what was the religion of Mr. Sherrick's ancestry, or what the occupation of his youth? Mr. Honeyman, a most respectable man surely, introduced Sherrick to the Colonel and Binnie.

Mr. Sherrick stocked their cellar with some of the wine over which Honeyman preached such lovely sermons. It was not dear; it was not bad when you dealt with Mr. Sherrick for wine alone. Going into his market with ready money in your hand, as our simple friends did, you were pretty fairly treated by Mr. Sherrick.

The house being taken, we may be certain there was fine amusement for Clive, Mr. Binnie, and the Colonel, in frequenting the sales, in the inspection of upholsterers' shops, and the purchase of furniture for the new mansion. It was like nobody else's house. There were three masters with four or five servants over them. Kean for the Colonel, and his son; a smart boy with boots for Mr. Binnie; Mrs. Kean to cook and keep house, with a couple of maids under her. The Colonel, himself, was great at making hash mutton, hot-pot, curry and pillau. What cozy pipes did we not smoke in the dining-room, in the drawing-room, or where we would! What pleasant evenings did we not have with Mr. Binnie's books and Schiedam! Then there were the solemn state dinners, at most of which the writer of this biography had a corner.

Clive had a tutor—Grindly of Corpus—whom we recommended to him, and with whom the young gentleman did not fatigue his brains very much; but his great *forte* decidedly lay in drawing. He sketched the horses, he sketched the dogs; all the servants, from the blear-eyed boot-boy to the rosy-cheeked lass, Mrs. Kean's niece, whom that virtuous housekeeper was always calling to come down stairs. He drew his father in all postures—asleep, on foot, on horseback; and jolly little Mr. Binnie, with his plump legs on a chair, or jumping briskly on the back of the cob which he rode. He should have drawn the pictures for this book, but that he no longer condescends to make sketches. Young Ridley was his daily friend now; and Grindly, his classics and mathematics over in the morning, and the ride with father over, this pair of young men would constantly attend Gandishe's Drawing Academy, where, to be sure, Ridley passed many hours at work on his art, before his young friend and patron could be spared from his books to his pencil.

"Oh," says Clive, if you talk to him now about those early days, "it was a jolly time! I do not believe there was any young fellow in London so happy." And there hangs up in his painting-room now a head, painted at one sitting, of a man rather bald, with hair touched with grey, with a large moustache, and a sweet mouth half smiling beneath it, and melancholy eyes! and Clive shows that portrait of their grandfather to his children, and tells them that the whole world never saw a nobler gentleman.

THE RESPIRATOR

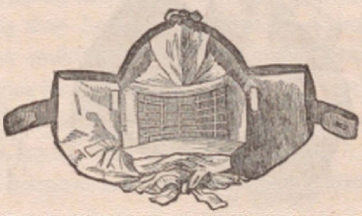
FOR ALL AFFECTIONS ATTENDED WITH

IRRITATION IN THE AIR PASSAGES

AS

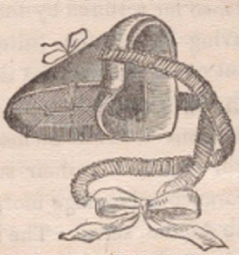
COLDS, COUGH, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, &c.

The Hand Oral Respirator, held in the hand and applied to the Mouth.



The Orinasal Respirator for the Mouth and Nostrils, chiefly used at night to remove cough and promote sleep.

The fixed Oral Respirator for the Mouth only.



The Nasal Respirator for the Nose only, of especial value for use at night and in sleep. This Instrument sits with much comfort on the Nose.

The Advertising of Mr. Jeffreys's Respirators has been most unwillingly permitted by him, on account of its empirical associations; but it is rendered imperative by the fact, that no small proportion of those most benefited by them would otherwise have remained ignorant of their properties. The Public are not aware how difficult it is, even for the first and best in the profession, to view, without prejudice, a remedy so simple and harmless as to require no exercise of their skill, and so effective as to render many a patient altogether independent of their advice. Many medical men do recommend the use of Mr. Jeffreys's Respirator, but there are, at all times, numerous persons who can testify to the greatest benefit from a use of them, in opposition to professional advice against the employment "in their particular cases," and often in favour of some utterly inefficient substitutes. And furthermore, there are hun-

FIG. I.

FIG. II.

Figs. I. and II. represent the ORAL RESPIRATOR as worn by Ladies and Gentlemen.

dreds, so far restored by their timely use, *as no longer to need them*, after receiving an opinion (utterly erroneous) that the employment should be put off to the last, lest they should grow dependent upon them.

These Instruments invite the attention of the thousands who are anxious to avail themselves of the best means for restoring their health, or palliating their suffering, and not of persons under the fear of appearance, a bondage more humiliating and often more fatal than that of the African slave. The minds of these, however, may be relieved by the elevated and prudent example of many of the Nobility, as well as a Member of the Royal Family, and thousands of the community annually who employ Mr. Jeffreys's Respirator in its various forms.

The Word Respirator was introduced by Mr. Jeffreys as a suitable name for instruments constructed on scientific principles, and designed to facilitate respiration by supplying to the air passages and lungs, when in a delicate or irritable state, air fresh and pure, but rendered so genial as to be soothing to them, however cold, foggy, and irritating the atmosphere might be. This important effect is produced by taking from the breath as it goes out (by means of metallic conduction) part of the warmth and moisture contained in it (without detaining any of the impure breath itself), and then giving that pure warmth and moisture to the fresh in-coming breath.

Sufferers from irritation in the air passages (as in Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, &c.,) would do well to observe how much

the air they breathe is concerned in producing Cough and other uneasiness, and to reflect, that to change such an atmosphere into one which is genial and soothing, is manifestly the most natural, harmless, and effectual means for relieving irritation, after the employment of all active treatment necessary. Such is the action of these instruments, and being portable, they enable the wearers to carry the soothing climate about with them. The stomach and nerves, previously weakened by confinement and drugs, are thus strengthened by the air and exercise enjoyed by day, and the sleep by night. By thus benefiting the whole system generally, these instruments have, in multitudes of cases, proved eminently curative. Thousands of persons have derived benefit from them annually since they were introduced; while not one single individual has suffered, or could possibly suffer, injury from them.

For evidence of their effects, the inquirer is referred to every person who has worn them.

Amongst sufferers from Bronchitis, there are many who can inform him that, by having recourse to them at the commencement of their ailment they have proved so thoroughly curative, that whereas they could not, when they began to use them, move out of doors without suffering, or sleep at night for cough, they have now (by having used them regularly, and sleeping in them at night when the air was trying) become so well as to be independent of them, even in the coldest weather, and been enabled to give up the use of them altogether. Many others who had unfortunately neglected to use them early, and have gone on coughing for years, so that a cure had become impossible, have, nevertheless, had their symptoms so far relieved, and their health so far benefited by Mr. Jeffreys's Respirators, as to be conscious that many attacks have been kept off, and their lives been prolonged by the use of these instruments.

In Pulmonary Consumption where the constitutional tendency to disease is not inveterate, the Respirator, when employed early, and with full attention in its different forms, and by night as well as by day, has exercised a curative power in many remarkable cases; and, in incurable cases its employers speak of it as being a palliative of their suffering and a means of prolonging their lives.

Many Asthmatic Persons, who were afraid at first to apply the Respirator lest it should increase the suffocation, have been surprised to find their breathing rapidly improved by its soothing effect, removing the

spasm of the air-tubes and muscles of respiration, caused by air too trying for the lungs.

To prevent an attack being better than to cure it, no prudent person, liable to cold, and who was aware of the protective value of these instruments, would neglect to carry one about with him in the winter and spring months, to be applied the instant any irritation or tendency to cold was felt. Cold in the nostrils and throat may be entirely prevented by breathing through the mouth, protected by the Oral, or the Hand Respirator. To avoid cold and cough in sleep, the *Nasal* or the *Orinasal* Respirator should be worn.

It is only through prejudice or misguidance that any parties continue to swallow empirical drugs, (all of which are injurious to the stomach and general health,) when their symptoms might be better relieved or prevented by means so perfectly harmless as the use of Mr. Jeffreys's Respirators, and of which the tendency is for them to grow independent of them, instead of daily more dependent, as in the case of all such drugs.

In the cases of children, they are of no less value. Few parents would neglect to have a child's Oral and Orinasal Respirator at hand were they aware of the extent to which suffering is relieved in the epidemics of children, in which the throat and chest are concerned, as hooping-cough, spasmodic croup, and measles.

With respect to price, they are amongst the cheapest, as they are amongst the finest, of manufactures; while, estimated by their beneficial action, they are practically costless. This truth is sometimes overlooked by persons of larger means, but discerned by working men, who have been known to purchase superior instruments at the cost of a week's labor, while serviceable Respirators are made on purpose for them at the price of a day's labor. They have found in the months of their time saved and of suffering avoided, an abundant return for an outlay comparatively large in their case. At the same time, although Mr. Jeffreys's Respirators are of especial value to the working classes, inasmuch as they enable the wearer to go out, in any weather, to his or her work, and to perform it without suffering, in any place, however cold or damp; yet they are too commonly neglected by them. It is amongst the better informed classes chiefly, that persons liable to irritation in the air passages and lungs avail themselves of the relief afforded by Mr. Jeffreys's Respirators. Though, even amongst these, there are persons who do not value their health at the trifling price necessary for an efficient instrument, but employ some worthless or injurious imitation

borrowing the name Respirator on account of the reputation of the real instruments. Against all such defective or injurious substitutes it is proper that the public should be duly cautioned.

From medical gentlemen themselves wearing Mr. Jeffreys's Respirators, frequent testimony has been received of great benefit experienced by them. The following, from a physician of extensive practice in the North of England, Dr. Cahill, of Berwick-on-Tweed, will suffice as an example:—After severe suffering for many years, Dr. Cahill was about to leave England for a warm climate, as the only means of preserving life, when a friend recommended the Respirator. "I have," he writes, "employed it with benefit *far beyond* "*my most sanguine expectation.*" And he adds,—"I am now fol- "lowing my usual avocations, free of any cough, or difficulty of "breathing. This happy change I attribute altogether to your invaluable "instrument. I am in the constant habit of recommending it to my "patients, and have no doubt that, in doing so, I have saved many "valuable lives. *I do not now find it necessary, even in winter, to* "*wear it constantly.*"

From the notices of professional journals, the following are selected:—

FROM THE LANCET.

Mr. Jeffreys's Respirators.

"These instruments, with reference to the objects which they are "intended to fulfil, may be pronounced perfect. They really cannot be "too highly recommended. They are intended to be fixed over the mouth "and nose, either separately or in conjunction, and are accordingly called "oral, nasal, and orinasal; one is called the "Hand Respirator," which is "meant for temporary use only, being held unattached over the "mouth. This is a guard which, we think, might be adopted with "advantage by physicians and others whose duties call them into the "presence of fever patients. The whole series are of the most delicate "workmanship, consisting of the finest silver and other metal wire-work, "faced with silk or light woollen cloth, and fastened round the head by "elastic straps, or otherwise by a cord, as in one of the Respirators which "is manufactured expressly for the working classes, and is sold at a very

" reduced price. The Nasal Respirator is intended chiefly to be worn " during sleep; and we learn, that by its aid persons with very irritable air- " passages and lungs are enabled to secure the advantages of copious venti- " lation, by not eschewing a large bed-room filled with cold air. Many of " the benefits to invalids with laryngeal and chest diseases, supposed to " accrue from the climate of Southern Europe, might, we are ready to " believe, be secured by the use, during the English winter, of such " Respirators as those now before us, with the additional and inestimable " privilege to the patient of not being driven away from his friends in " the fallacious hope of a cure. Mr. Julius Jeffreys, who is a member " of our profession, deserves high credit for his scientific and elegant " inventions."—*Lancet, January 11th*, 1851.

FROM THE MEDICAL TIMES.

Mr. Jeffreys's Respirator.

" The merits of the Respirator, invented by Mr. Jeffreys, have never " been fully appreciated by the profession. Here and there are a few " medical men, who having experienced in themselves, or in some member " of their family, the advantage to be derived from its use, estimate it at " its true value; but these cases are the exception. Now Mr. " Jeffreys is really a highly scientific professional man, and his Respi- " rator a most valuable aid in the treatment of many affections of the " chest.

" The neglect of this instrument by the Profession has arisen from two " causes: first, from a misapprehension of the principle on which it is " constructed; and secondly, from a prejudice against all remedial agents " advertised in the public journals.

" The object sought to be attained in the invention of the Respirator " was the supply of an uniformly warm and moist, and at the same time, " pure atmosphere for the patient, without confining him to the house; " in fact, a portable warm climate.

" An opinion is widely circulated in the Profession, as well as out of " it, that a shawl tied over the mouth will serve all the purposes attained " by the Respirator; this, however, is an error, for the wrapper heats the " air only by entangling in its folds a certain quantity of heated breath, " a portion of which re-enters the chest with the next indraught of air; " while the Respirator consists of a number of finely-perforated metallic " plates, through which the expired air passes; this air gives its warmth " to the plates, while it readily makes its escape through them, depositing

" however, some of its moisture on the way; the air taken into the chest " at the inspiration is perfectly pure, but warmed and moistened as it " enters through the apertures in the plates, themselves just heated and " moistened by the outgoing breath.

" The woollen wrapper, then, warms the inspired air, but renders it " impure just in proportion as it warms it. Mr. Jeffreys's invention sup- " plies a pure, warm, and moist atmosphere,—a really portable warm " climate."—*Medical Times, November 22nd*, 1851.

FROM THE MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL REVIEW.

" It is unnecessary for us to speak in favour of this ingenious and " invaluable instrument. The experience of the profession has established " its eminent utility as a preventive, if not also as a curative means. But " we are anxious to introduce to our readers some modifications which its " able inventor, Mr. Jeffreys, has made in it. It is unnecessary to point " out the benefits that must accrue to many a family from the head of it " being enabled to pursue the occupation on which his and their subsistence " depends. In conclusion, we would entreat our professional friends to " avail themselves of this admirable adjuvant to their previous stock of " remedies."—*Medico-Chirurgical Review, July*, 1840.

From The BRITISH & FOREIGN MEDICAL REVIEW.

" In an early number of this Journal we gave a favourable report of " this ingenious instrument; but as it was then a novelty, we spoke rather " anticipatively from the evidence of the principle of the instrument than " from any experience of its value. Three years have passed since then, " and the instrument having been during that period in very great use, we " are now able to speak more positively of its effects. Indeed, these have " been observed by so many medical men, and, we doubt not, by most of " our readers, that any fresh notice of the Respirator may seem almost " superfluous. Still as there may be some who are not fully acquainted " with its nature or its great value, we deem it our duty, at this season of " the year, to call the attention of all our friends to it. We now speak " from our own observation and experience when we report most favourably " of the Respirator. In several instances we have known it productive of " the greatest comfort to individuals with irritable air-passages, enabling " them to go into the open air in winter, without suffering the pain, or " dyspnœa, or cough, to which they were otherwise subject in such " circumstances; and we have heard of numerous cases of the same kind " from our medical and other friends. There are few, if any, practitioners

" who cannot number one or more patients who, during the winter months, " will profit by the use of the Respirator."—*British and Foreign Medical Review, October*, 1840.

Communications from private individuals of both sexes, describing in various terms the greatest possible benefit from the action of Respirators, have been received from an early period, and continue to be sent.

MR. JEFFREYS'S RESPIRATORS.

THE DIFFERENT KINDS, QUALITIES, AND PRICE.

	PRICES.		
The ORAL RESPIRATOR for the MOUTH only. The ORINASAL RESPIRATOR for the MOUTH & NOSTRILS.	Gent'n's.	Ladies'	Children's
Common Quality, of medium power, containing eighteen layers of wire-work, on nine frames, in three packets, removable from the mouth-piece, and divisible into two lower degrees of power; with neat fittings, in a japanned box.—The ORAL Respirator . . .	12s.	10s.	6s.
ORINASAL Respirator	14s.	12s.	8s.
Superior Quality, of medium power, containing eighteen layers of fine wire-work, on nine frames, faced with gold-wire, in three packets, removable from the mouth-piece, and divisible into two lower degrees of power, with superior fittings, in a bronzed box .			
ORAL Respirator	24s.	21s.	15s.
ORINASAL Respirator	26s.	24s.	16s.
Best Quality, of medium power, containing 18 layers of metal work of the best silver-gilded wire (gold wire) faced with silver frame, gilded; the wire work on nine frames, in three packets, removable from the mouth piece, and separable into two lower degrees of power for milder weather.			
ORAL Respirator	36s.	32s.	24s.
ORINASAL ditto	40s.	36s.	28s.
The NASAL RESPIRATOR for the NOSE only, for use In-doors and in Sleep.			
Of pierced silver plates, with provision for varying the power in several degrees	20s.	18s.	14s.
The HAND ORAL RESPIRATOR, held in the Hand and applied to the Mouth.			
Superior Quality, fitted in kid leather, and faced with stained silver plates, in a leather box	22s.	20s.	0s.
Common Hand Respirator, in japanned box	12s.	10s.	0s.

Also for the Working Classes only, there are serviceable Respirators, made of common materials, at the low price of 5s. 6d. for Men's size, and 4s. 6d. for Women's.
In cases of indigence, certified by a medical gentleman, clergyman, or minister, they are supplied to the parties gratuitously.

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25, HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,

S. GRIFFITHS, MANAGER.

WHOLESALE OFFICE,

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The principal Chemists and Instrument Makers in London and throughout the Kingdom are Agents for Mr. Jeffreys's Respirators.

J. & I. Tirebuck, Machine Printers and Lithographers, Monkwell Street, City.

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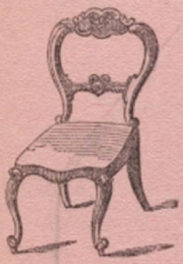
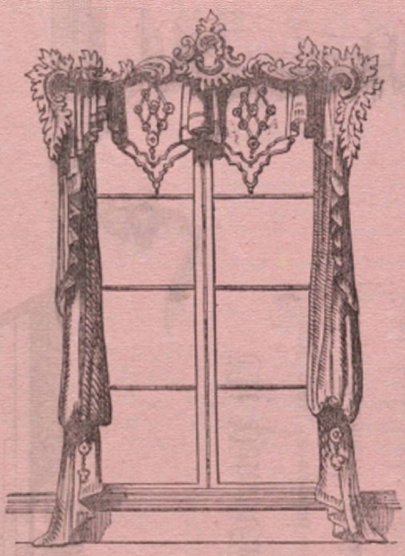
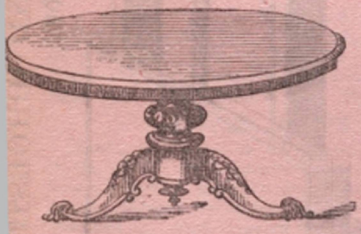
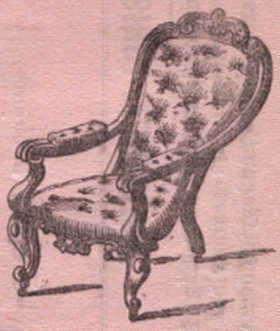




NEEDLEWORK TASTEFULLY MOUNTED.





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Contracts entered into for the Removal to any distance. Estimates sent gratis, including risk of damages, the use of wrappers, mats, boxes, hampers, cases, and waterproof coverings for Bedding; also packing and unpacking the whole. The Estimate, if desired, will include re-arranging the whole of the Furniture, altering and laying down Carpets, fixing Cornices and Curtains.

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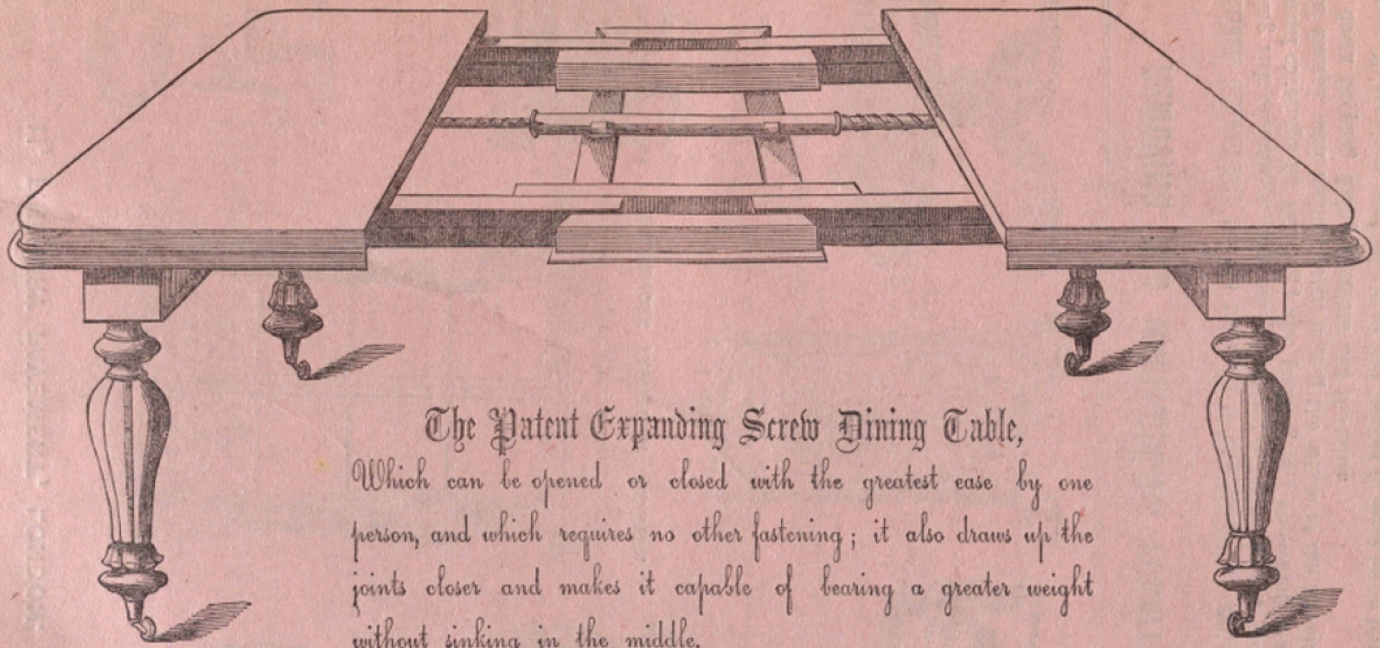

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Monthly Circular, February, 1854.

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This Tea is of peculiar and extraordinary strength.

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STRONG GREEN TEAS, with flavour	3s. 4d., 3s. 8d., and 4s. 0d.
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THE BEST PEARL GUNPOWDER	5s. 4d.

The MIXED TEA at 4s. per lb. is now very superior Tea, and is strongly recommended.

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